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SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

THE ORPHAN.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

It was night—a warm night in early summer. The stars were out in their mighty mansions, shedding over the far earth the light of their pure and quiet beauty. Soothingly fell their influence upon the struggling heart of Isabel Everett, as her prayer went up to the Great Watcher of the skies for strength to bear in this the hour of her heavy trial. Even then, the shadow of death was resting upon the brow of her mother—the tried friend, and protector of her childhood, the affectionate and judicious counsellor of maturer years.

Very sad, and solemn, were the low tones of that dying mother, to her only child.

"Yet a little while, Isabel, and I shall no longer be with you. The days of my appointed time are drawing to a close. My soul is heavy with disease, and long-suffering—I am weary, and would be at rest. Do not grieve so bitterly, oh, my Isabel! It would console me in the hour of death, to see some portion of that fortitude, I have so earnestly endeavored to instil into your mind. You need in solitude, communion with your own rebellious heart; seek it in your chamber, my child; and return to me, when you have calmed the violence of your sorrow: for oh, it is sweet to die, when watchful eyes and loving hearts are round us."

Isabel raised the hand, that lay motionless upon her own, her tears fell upon the thin, emaciated fingers, as she pressed them to her lips, but no word escaped her as she turned from the bed, and with a noiseless step left the apartment. Alone, in her chamber, the pent up agony burst forth: that long low wail of despairing nature! it came upon the ear like the cry of a feeble child, smitten to the earth. But a change passed over the spirit of the maiden: the early teaching, the faithful counsels, the bright example of that dying mother, rose up before her. The stormy violence of her grief was subdued; clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"My mother! my mother! very desolate wilt thou leave me, thy fatherless girl! But I will bear up, and oh, my mother! I will be to thee the comforter, through the last earthly struggle thou hast been to me through all the years of my life." As the words died away upon the lips of Isabel, she moved to the window and looked forth. The night breeze lifted the curls from her pale brow, and cooled the fever upon her parched lip. How soothing to her excited feelings was the shadowy beauty of the solemn

and mysterious night! Before the mighty works of nature, man dwindles into nothingness. A sense of her own insignificance pressed heavily upon the heart of Isabel, but other, and better thoughts arose within her. He, who had created the overshadowing heaven, the broad and beautiful earth, the kindly feelings and warm sympathies that dwelt in her own bosom, had created man *immortal*, and would care for the last, and most glorious work of his Almighty hand.

It is not our purpose to introduce our readers to the sad scene of that night. The morning saw Isabel Everett an orphan. Not in the grave, passed away the influence of her mother! Like the lone star that guideth on, ever and ever, memory of her was a shining light; to guard and guide in the sure path of virtue and honor.

A week after Mrs. Everett's death, the carriage rolled from the door, that was to convey Isabel to her future home. It was with her maternal uncle, who was the companion of her journey, she was in future to reside. For the present we leave them, and turn to her past history, and those with whom she was hereafter to be so intimately connected.

Mrs. Everett was the youngest of three children; the two eldest were boys, and cherished for their beautiful sister, the fondest and most devoted affection. Her marriage had been one of great happiness, but the time of its duration was short: Mr. Everett died when Isabel had reached her sixth year, leaving his family very destitute. A liberal allowance had been settled upon Mrs. Everett, by her eldest brother, Richard Malverton, who had been for many years of his life in India, and still continued to reside there. Living in the near vicinity of a large town, Mrs. Everett found no difficulty in procuring for Isabel every advantage necessary to completing her education. But most she depended upon herself, for she had been highly and nobly educated; the rich stores of knowledge she had garnered in her youth, were now of inestimable value to her; and she imparted them to her daughter, with all a mother's fond solicitude, in the welfare of her child. The deep sorrow Mrs. Everett bore through life, undermined the springs of her constitution, and eventually shortened her days. Yet, all unrepiningly and meekly, she bowed to the bitterness of her bereavement, the shadow on her pathway had dimmed the world's light to her, but it had not clouded the brow of her beautiful and sinless child. Silently, the mother bore on, striving, in the faithful performance of her duties, to weaken the link of dark remembrance that bound her to the dead! She lived to see the eighteenth birth day of her child, and she did not grieve, although she knew she might

never look upon another, she was going to that long home, where the "weary laden" shall find rest!

The younger brother of Mrs. Everett, to whose home Isabel was hastening, was a man of warm and noble impulses; great benevolence of disposition, and kindness of heart. Yet Henry Malverton was of strong, and passionate temper, rash in judgment, and hasty in decision; he was easily imposed upon, his temper often preventing the full exercise of his reason; but he was much and universally beloved, for a warmer heart never beat in a man's bosom. He was a merchant; not a successful one in speculation, for he did not possess the qualities that would render him such; his regular business had been very lucrative, but he lived expensively and every farthing of his income was yearly consumed. In his sister's pecuniary difficulties, it had always been a source of grief to Henry Malverton, that he could not allow her a fixed sum, for her support; and it soothed his warm and generous heart, to render unto her child, not only the means of support but a home, and father's love. He had married a woman, who had fairly "caught him" and wedded him, because he was "a good match;" as weak as she was vain, heartless, worldly, and haughty; she nevertheless contrived to make him believe, she was peculiarly constituted to render him happy in domestic life. One only child they had—at this time, Clara Malverton was twenty-two years of age. Her father, aware of her mother's indifference and carelessness, in all that regarded the child, strove to remedy such neglect so far as it was in his power; but he was totally unfitted for the task—by turns, violent to excess or indulgent to weakness, he failed in correcting any of those errors of heart, or faults of character, apparent even to his partial eye.

As years passed over the head of Clara, she learned concealment; her father believed it amendment; he was very proud of her, and lavished money upon her education, with no stinted hand; fond to excess of dress, she was indulged to the extent of her wishes by both father and mother. Living in the near vicinity of a large town, the house of Mr. Malverton was the resort of many visitors, the warmth and hospitality of his reception, rendering them ever welcome. The showy manners and fashionable education of Clara, attracted very considerable attention; so far as it was in her power, she monopolized those little courtesies extended towards the sex. She was a flirt, decidedly, and had received on that account perhaps, very marked attention from some of the finest men in the country; but she had not as yet, met with an offer, and to this end her wishes began strongly

to point. Clara was tall and graceful in appearance, her dress was always distinguished for its perfect taste, and extreme elegance; her features were good, and at times the expression was pleasing; but when the corners of the mouth curved down in scorn or anger, it gave to her whole countenance a repulsive and haughty expression. There was much of the bold and resolute in her character: it had been said of her, by an intimate female acquaintance—that Clara Malverton would *do* more and *dare* more, to accomplish a purpose, than any woman she had ever known—yet withal, she was popular, and generally voted upon all sides “a charming girl.” The grand defect in her character was *want of principle*; there was no strong, restraining power within, to regulate the evil passions of her nature, if they were once aroused. Yet was she totally unconscious of this herself, she believed herself quite as good as the generality of people; an only and idolized child, she scarce knew what opposition to her wishes was. Clara truly loved her father, she therefore concealed from him any traits of character calculated to give pain; yet, uneasy thoughts would oftentimes fill his mind for the future happiness of his child; he could not but notice the contraction of the brow, the flash of the dark eye, the haughty curve of the full mouth, when his decision was in opposition to her wishes. But these things passed away, and Henry Malverton was not of a disposition to indulge unhappy thoughts, “sufficient for the day,” &c. had been his motto through life: alas! it had been the governing rule in the rearing of his child—he had sown the wind, and dare a parent murmur if he reaps the whirlwind.

It was some years since Clara had seen her young cousin Isabel Everett, and she awaited her coming with interest and curiosity. The day was drawing to a close, on which they expected her—it was nearly dark when they arrived.

“We are at home, now, my dear Isabel,” said her uncle, joyously; “and may it ever prove to you a happy one.” He kissed her cheek ere he assisted her to alight, for it distressed him to see her evident agitation. Mrs. Malverton met them within the parlour door, “I bring you another daughter, Emma! cherish her tenderly for my sake.” As Mr. Malverton spoke, he took the hand of Isabel, and placed it within that of his wife. Perchance the cold heart of that woman was touched, by the mournful and sorrowing countenance that met her gaze; she drew Isabel towards her, and pressed her lips upon her forehead.

“The child of your sister, Henry, shall receive every mark of affection from me, sure I am she deserves it all for her own sake.”

Mr. Malverton threw his arm about the waist of Isabel, and clasped her warmly to his heart, as he exclaimed, “Yes! for her own sake she deserves it all; I shall never forget her self-sacrifice, her noble and sustained devotion at the couch of her dying mother. Clara! in that hour my prayer was, for such a daughter to close my eyes in death! You must love Isabel with a sister’s love, to the exclusion of all differences, all petty jealousies. Will you not my Clara?”

“Yes father, I will! said Clara, and the tears stood in her dark eyes, as she embraced her cousin; fondly was that embrace returned by the desolate orphan, whose heart beat almost to bursting; touchingly she said, “Shall we not love each other, my sister?”

Isabel was so nearly overcome, that her uncle leading her to a seat, strove to give the conversation a more cheerful turn. Shortly after, tea was brought in; when it was over, Isabel begged to retire for the night.

“Think me not ungrateful for all your kindness, my dear aunt! but I feel as though I needed solitude and rest.”

Her wish was very readily complied with, by Mrs. Malverton, who had formed an engagement for that evening, she was desirous of fulfilling; but was restrained from so doing by the arrival of her niece: that obstacle removed, she left the house almost as soon as Isabel had retired to her chamber.

Shortly after Mrs. Malverton’s departure, a gentleman entered the drawing-room, who was warmly welcomed by Mr. Malverton as “My dear Harry,” by Clara, as “Mr. Sydenham.” Much pleasure was expressed on both sides at the meeting; at length, however, Mr. Sydenham inquired “If Miss Everett had accompanied Mr. Malverton home, as he understood letters had been received to that effect.”

Clara replied “that Miss Everett had arrived with her father, but was so overcome with fatigue, she had been compelled to retire to her own room.”

“Do you know,” said Sydenham, “I have a great desire to see Miss Everett: I am told she is very like her mother, and I have reason to believe from many circumstances, that at one period of his life, my father was fondly attached to Mrs. Everett. Was it not so, Mr. Malverton?”

“Nay,” said Mr. Malverton, smiling, “that is a very direct question, indeed; see! my hair is white with age, yet, you would have me remember the love passages in the life of my earliest friend! Ah! Harry, these things pass away from the thoughts of those who are full of years—even as love, and life, and Isabel, have passed from a weary world!” Tears gathered into the eyes of the kindly old man; but his nature was essentially a cheerful one; the cloud upon his spirits gave way, before the charm of Harry Sydenham’s conversation; and when again questioned relative to the early history of his sister, and of Harry’s father (who had been dead for some years,) he replied:

“You shall hear all that I know, my dear young friend: I like not to stir the hidden founts of memory, laden as they are with so much of bitterness. ‘Tis a sad story, Harry, the story of your father’s first love!”

“You know he was an only child: when very young he lost his mother. His father much occupied in business, had little time to devote to the society of his son. Living as we did, so near each other, it is not surprising, we were constantly together; early in the morning—late at night—at all times and seasons; we were inseparable. As years went over us, there came a change over our young affections; the love between Richard and Sydenham became stronger,

and more marked: the same studies, the same pursuits, I had almost said the same thoughts, bound them in the strong band of congeniality together. How true, how faithful, how self-denying was their friendship! Even now, they rise up before me in the beauty, truth, and fervor of that first affection! They were much alike in character: both were dreamers, both had the same intensity of feeling; both loved the deep forest trees—the banks of the quiet river: wherever, there was ‘nook, or dell,’ secluded from public gaze, Richard and Sydenham, made it their own.

“Do you wonder where I was all this time? Enjoying myself in my own way; dearly I loved them both, brothers in my heart the same, but the link of sympathy was not between us. True friends we always were, with none of the heart’s deep communion, that existed between Richard and Sydenham. A very fair share I had, of my sister Isabel’s society—how she loved a ride over the hills, or a row upon the waters! I hear her merry laugh so musical, yet so full of joyousness; through the shadow of long years, her eye of light and love is beaming upon me! how beautiful she was in her innocence and youth!”

“From a very child, a fairy child, Sydenham loved her. There was a great disparity of years between them; and there was much of reverence, of looking up in the love Isabel bore unto him; perhaps there was a slight tincture of fear. It had been arranged by our parents, that Sydenham’s lessons should be taken at our house; we all had the same masters: and so ardently did Sydenham desire the improvement of Isabel, that oftentimes he urged her too far, and her spirit would weary from confinement and study. Richard, Sydenham, and myself became men, mingled in the world, engaged in business, and Sydenham was only deterred, by the extreme youth of Isabel, from offering his hand. Richard who had been for years the confidant of his passion, always advised him to wait: ‘she is but a child,’ he would say, ‘let her go forth into the world, she will then discover your infinite superiority, over the crowd around her—who could know you, Sydenham, as Isabel has known you, and not love you?’

“My brother Richard was a man of strong, impetuous passions, yet, they were seldom called into action; he was almost vindictive in his resentments—he rarely *forgave*. His love for Isabel and Sydenham, was but *one* love; it was the master passion of his heart: nothing but the intensity of that love could have chained his fiery spirit, so long to our narrow circle. I have seen him, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and his face flushed to his lofty brow; as he repeated ‘The Child’s’ heart-stirring words:

“Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider—”

“My sister Isabel left her home, to spend the winter with an aunt of ours, who led a very gay life in——city. She was three months absent, and her return home was hastened, by the wish of our parents, that her birth-day should be spent under her father’s roof. She was then eighteen, the rare beauty that her youth had promised, was more than fulfilled.

"The morning after her arrival, Richard mentioned a party that had been arranged the night before, he spoke of a lady he wished me to take and then turning to Isabel, said quietly,

"You, of course, will ride with Harry Sydenham." The blood sprang high up in the cheek of Isabel, as she replied,

"Not of course, Richard, you must excuse me—I cannot ride with Harry Sydenham."

"And why not, I pray?" said Richard, in a tone of angry astonishment; "have your new fangled notions and fine beaux, taught you to forget the attachments of your troth?"

"You wrong me, Richard, by such unworthy suspicions: I love Harry with the same affection I ever did; more he must never expect."

Isabel sighed heavily as she ceased speaking, but she did not look up; if she had, the changing countenance of Richard must have struck her very painfully. He arose at last and stood beside her; he threw back the long sunny curls that lay upon that fair brow; and then he spoke in a low tone of tenderness, and love,

"Isabel, my only sister! your own heart will best tell you, how dear—how very dear, you have ever been to me; but the affection I bear to you, is no whit more engrossing than that I have borne Harry Sydenham from my youth up. Sister! it has been the dream of my life to see you his wife—my sister, if you love me destroy it not!—destroy it not!"—and the stern and proud Richard Malverton knelt down by her side, with his arms folded around her—and he the high hearted, and haughty, dropped tears for his friend, his own agony never would have wrung forth.

The face of Isabel grew deadly pale, she clasped her small white hands together, and raised them up towards Richard; who had risen and stood beside her; she strove to speak, but the words died away upon her lips—she knew the anguish they must inflict upon her brother!

Richard bent down and kissed her, while he said,

"Tell me in all honor, and sincerity, Isabel—will you be the wife of Harry Sydenham?"

"I cannot, Richard—I have plighted my faith to another!"

For one brief moment, Richard Malverton forgot he was a man. The fiery passions of his nature were roused from their inmost depths—words he said, dark, and bitter, and terrible—words that no after time could recall—the tears, the entreaties, of Isabel were alike unheeded.

"When the grave has buried the memory of my wrong, then you may hope for my forgiveness," was his stern declaration as he left her.

Terrified and distressed, Isabel clung to me: I strove to soothe her, and asked also, an explanation of what had been as much matter of astonishment to me as to Richard.

Isabel said, "Edward Everett, (the name of the gentleman to whom she was engaged,) had not declared his love until the evening before she had left the house of her aunt; she had been the bearer of a communication from him to her parents, and had received their blessing and approbation." I made no mention in my letters of Edward Everett, because I feared to give pain to Harry Sydenham—knowledge of my own

heart opened my eyes to the truth—that he had borne me no brother's love! Last night, when he sat by my side, and his low tones fell upon my ear—breathing of the heart's deep tenderness—I trembled as I heard!—for, oh! my brother, it is terrible to wreck the love of a noble and generous bosom."

There was a pause in the story, Mr. Malverton was greatly moved; and it was some time ere he resumed:

Richard had looked forward to the union of Isabel and Sydenham, with a degree of certainty never shadowed by a doubt; he literally recoiled from communicating the utter annihilation of his hopes to his unfortunate friend. We did not see him through the day, he did not leave his chamber, save for a brief space to send a note to Sydenham; all that weary night, his footsteps sounded over my head, now rapid and excited, now heavy and slow. There was no sleep for either of us, through the long hours of that night. I knew the earnest, enthusiastic nature of Sydenham, and could form some idea of the intenseness of his love—Richard had sounded its depths.

Early the next morning, Richard sought an interview with my father; when it was over he left the house, I saw him enter that of Sydenham; he did not return home until evening. Another long conference followed with my father, at the conclusion of which we were told Richard and Sydenham were going to Europe, and would leave home for New-York, in the afternoon of the next day.

Richard avoided all intercourse with Isabel, whose evident distress could not escape his observation; he never spoke to her, but oftentimes I marked his eye resting upon her with an expression of dark and bitter feeling.

Dinner was over; there was but an hour left for Richard in the old home of his youth! Perchance that recollection softened him; he rose from his seat, and when he had joined me at the window, he drew my arm within his own.

"Come with me," he said, "to the library." I did as he desired. 'Twas the room where our childhood had been spent—our school room!

My heart swelled within me; there was not a table, chair, or book that was not linked with Isabel; and could he part from her thus—in alienation, in anger?

I passed my arm around him, as I was wont to do in our boyish days, and I implored him for the sake of our early love, not to part with our sister in unkindness—long I pleaded and earnestly; he heard me to an end, and then, in a voice so low and deep it startled me, he said,

"I have no desire to part from you in anger, we may not meet again this side the grave—but for her—for Isabel, who has dared to destroy the happiness of my noble hearted friend—to crush the hopes I have garnered through my life—there is neither pity nor forgiveness left in my bosom—no more of her—no more I say!" and his eye flashed out a light that was intolerable, as he paced with hasty steps the apartment.

At that moment Isabel entered the room: she walked up to Richard and laid her trembling hand upon his arm: he stood still—the low tones

of her soft voice, I hear them still—how they sunk into my heart!

"My brother! you are going to leave us—oh! I entreat you by the old familiar love of our youth, not to part from me in unkindness; and she wept bitterly as she laid her head upon his arm—the long glossy curls fell over his hand so soft and silken to the touch! he seemed moved, but there was only one path to his love, and at that moment he believed Isabel would win it back at any cost.

He raised with his hand that fair white forehead, and looked upon her face—very fair was that face to look upon, in its touching and child-like beauty.

"Isabel," he said gently, "there is one way of restoring happiness to us all—break your faith with this new lover, and marry Sydenham."

Truly, I was proud of my sister. Her eye sparkled with indignation, and bore a glance lofty as his own; she stepped back, with her hand raised in the air, and her voice was stern and clear.

"Go, Richard! it is time! Better that the sea roll its waters between us. You have counselled me to an act dishonorable and base!—may the wretchedness you would deal out to others, never fall in retribution upon your own head!" And so they parted—that brother and sister!

In three years from that time Sydenham returned; he brought to the home of his fathers, a fair and noble English lady. You have her sunny smile, my young friend—her open brow—but your warmth of heart and generosity of character are all your father's.

Richard wandered over many lands, and at last settled in India; we have had many rumors of his great wealth; but he never mentions it. When my sister was left destitute, by the unexpected death of her husband, I wrote to Richard, stating the circumstances in which she was placed. He gave me directions to allow her a fixed sum, which I have regularly received: he has never mentioned her child, although I frequently in my letters spoke of her. I have written since my sister's death, and I hope the allowance settled upon the mother will be continued to the child.

You Harry, have always been to my brother an object of the deepest interest, he loves you for the name, perhaps, as much as the relationship you bear your father. Richard seems to have had no yearnings after his "Father Land," he is my elder brother—yet my hair is white with the snows of time—would that he were here once more!"

Mr. Malverton ceased speaking, and was warmly thanked by his daughter and Harry Sydenham, whose desire to see Isabel Everett was in no degree diminished, by the recital of her mother's early history.

The morning after Isabel Everett's arrival, Clara Malverton rose up with a determination to love, with a sister's love, her young cousin. Time passed rapidly on: Isabel grieved too deeply to enter into any society, she never appeared when visitors were at the house—she shrank with the first sensitiveness of deep sorrow, from all companionship with strangers.

She always welcomed Clara with her sweetest smile, and her gentleness of tone and look had almost warmed the heart of Clara into affection. Mrs. Malverton treated Isabel with indifference, sometimes with coldness, but her husband amply repaid her neglect. Already he loved Isabel as a daughter; and how devotedly she returned that love!—he was the only object for her heart to cling to, and she was so very like her mother, that oftentimes in the heart of her uncle, she brought back the olden time of his youth—the sister of his childhood. Such seclusion as Isabel persisted in, began at last to affect her health; her cheek was far paler than its wont, her eye grew heavy, her step slow. Her uncle noticed the change, and urged a change in her habits; Clara joined her father, declaring Isabel “would mope herself to death, sitting in her chamber from morning till night,” Isabel, yielding to their persuasions, rode out, walked, or joined the family circle when visitors were present.

Perchance, if Clara Malverton could have read aright her own heart, she had not counselled Isabel to leave her seclusion; she had never supposed for one moment, that her cousin would draw away any portion of that attention, she had been accustomed to receive. But there was a wondrous charm in Isabel’s manner, to win the admiration of all who approached her, and Clara saw her the object of attraction and interest, greater far than she had ever been in her palmiest days. The dark passion of *envy* stirred within her bosom—that passion so contemptible in itself, and so degrading in its consequences. How often has it dimmed the brightness of woman’s youth, and marred the glory of her beauty!

Among the gentlemen who visited at Mr. Malverton’s, Harry Sydenham and Edward Merton were upon terms of the greatest intimacy. The latter gentleman, generally designated as Ned Merton, was of remarkably fine figure; he read well, rode well, and laughed musically—long association with good society had given him the quiet ease and self-possession natural to men of the world. With all these advantages there was something repulsive in the countenance of Ned—perchance it was the vast redundancy of whiskers—perchance it was the black stock worn without a shirt collar, “which will impart a cast of vulgarity to the finest face,” (I quote, see Miss Leslie,)—or it might be the little black eyes that twinkled most villainously from out their mass of flesh—let it be what it would, Isabel turned away in dislike, for she thought upon that face she could trace the lines wrought by meanness and hypocrisy.

Merton possessed a small yearly income, barely sufficient for his support; he was an incorrigible idler, a hanger on in the houses of the rich—it suited him well to partake largely of the hospitality of Mr. Malverton. To the daughter he was useful—he made parties where there was none—attended her when no better bean presented—humbly bowed himself out of sight, when they did. Many times had he thought what a desirable thing it would be for him to marry Clara—an only daughter, her father re-

puted very wealthy—sure nothing could be better! Nor was he quite without hope, for nearly four years he had paid her unremitting attention; he was always a favorite with Clara, and although she looked upon his homage as something she was of right entitled to; yet, if he was absent she missed his flattery, and never failed to let him know how much pleasure his return gave her. Merton could flirt, ay, with the most accomplished among them, yet, ‘twould have been a difficult point to decide whether Clara or he most thoroughly understood the art.

There was reasons many why Clara Malverton hoped in her secret heart to become the wife of Harry Sydenham. For three generations the fortune of the Sydenhams had gone from father to son, receiving from each an addition: to be mistress of the noble mansion that stood within sight of her present home, and wife to its master, was far more than a wish, it was the ruling passion of her heart. Her eye was keen to read the workings of Harry Sydenham’s face, and already suspicion was growing into certainty—that he had looked upon Isabel Everett as he had never looked upon woman before.

“Come hither, my dear cousin, I pray you,” said Isabel, as Clara entered the room one evening where she and Sydenham were sitting, “and see if you can convince Mr. Sydenham of his error.”

As Clara approached, she was struck, as she had often been of late, with the exceeding beauty of Isabel. Her eyes were of the clearest and most splendid hazel, and the long silken hair fell upon a neck white and pure as marble; her fair and noble brow betokened intellect—softened into love and woman’s gentleness, by the sweet expression of her beautiful mouth; and her smile—the heart sprang to meet it—so appealing, so feminine was that child-like sunny smile.

“In what has Mr. Sydenham erred?” asked Clara, quietly, as she joined them.

Isabel laughed, and replied, “I am sure you will think it very odd, but he declares nothing would induce him to marry a meek woman—if all men had been of his opinion, there would have been little use for that very disagreeable word—obey.”

Clara smiled, as she said to Sydenham—“Should you fancy a Kate?”

“No,” he answered, “nor a Petruccio’s office; I have ever thought the fair lady of Padua was tamed too entirely to the will of her ‘liege lord and master,’ in a wife—I should prefer a woman of high spirit, who possessed good sense and judgment to regulate it.”

“I think you are very right, Mr. Sydenham,” was Clara’s reply; “high spirit is almost always allied to energy and decision of character, with many other good qualities: however, men generally prefer exercising their judgment for their wives as well as themselves.”

“You will not judge me by ‘men generally,’ if you please,” said Sydenham, smiling, “I have no desire to decide in matters of moment, for any one beside myself—I would not marry a woman I could not respect; I could not respect a woman whose principles were not of that fixed character, to enable her to keep the path of duty without assistance.”

Music followed this conversation. The voice of Isabel had been highly cultivated; she sang with much taste and feeling; as the sounds died away, Sydenham said, “Have we not all a peculiar season when we love music best? Will you tell me, Miss Everett, which is yours?”

“Oh! I love music in the night time—the solemn night time—how the sound of glorious music rises upon the still air, filling the mind with such exciting and beautiful thoughts, almost making us believe, earth-born though we are, there is yet in human nature perfection.”

“And I,” said Sydenham, “love music best, when day and night are mingling together, at the soft and shadowy twilight hour—how inexpressibly soothing it is to the weary, the sick at heart, giving them a foretaste of that land where they shall ‘sing praises.’”

Isabel looked up as Sydenham ceased; when she met his gaze her heart throbbed within her bosom, and her mind awoke to the truth—ay, in that hour as Harry Sydenham looked upon her, in her youth, her innocence, and exceeding loveliness, he deemed there was no sacrifice too great to win the love of Isabel Everett.

Another eye had made the same discovery as Isabel—Clara had noted all; and she felt at that moment as though her cousin had been guilty of treachery to herself, in winning the love of Harry Sydenham.

Isabel had been at this time for some months under the roof of her uncle; autumn had folded over the earth her royal robe of purple and gold; but there was no letter from India. The lot of Isabel was lonely, there was none to love her of her own sex. Clara was cold, Mrs. Malverton almost unkind; and sometimes she wished that far off uncle would give her the means to form around her a home, a circle of her own. It was the morning after Sydenham’s visit, that Mr. Malverton was taken extremely ill; his seizure was of the paralytic nature, and though after a time the alarming symptoms passed off, the physician directed that he should be kept very quiet, no agitating news told him—nothing, in short, that would excite him. Never was there a nurse more attentive or affectionate than Isabel; it gladdened her heart to be able in some measure to repay his kindness to her; Mrs. Malverton and Clara yielded the office without any reluctance. After two weeks, things went on in the ordinary way; Mr. Malverton was confined to his chamber, and much of Isabel’s time was devoted to him; yet she frequently joined the family circle, always enlivened by visitors, she began to feel it a sacrifice *not* to be there when Sydenham formed one.

We will introduce our readers into Mrs. Malverton’s dressing room. Clara is with her mother:

“I would willingly converse with you mamma, on a subject which has given me much pain—that is, if you can find time to attend to me.”

“Certainly, my dear;” and Mrs. Malverton laid aside the work which had wholly engrossed her, assuming an attitude of attention.

“Nay, mamma,” said Clara, coloring slightly, “take up your work again, I do not wish to interfere with your engagements.”

Mrs. Malverton looked earnestly at Clara for a moment, ere she said, "I thought from your remark, my child, you wished my undivided attention, yet, my notice seems to disturb you. What has occurred to give you pain, Clara?"

While her mother spoke, the color deepened upon the cheek of Clara to a burning flush; she made an effort to speak, but, failing in the attempt burst into tears; hastily rising from her seat she walked to the window striving to subdue her emotion.

"This is very odd—very unaccountable!"—were the exclamations of Mrs. Malverton, who felt herself called upon for a sympathy she was incapable of feeling, "I beg you will explain, Clara."

Clara walked back to the table at which her mother was sitting, she sat down opposite to her and said, as she looked her steadfastly in the face, "Mother, can you not divine the cause of my grief?—do you not see, even as I have done, that Isabel Everett has won the love of Harry Sydenham?"

"Not *won*, I should think," said Mrs. Malverton, in tones of contempt and astonishment.

"Ay—won?" said Clara, in tones fierce from excitement and agony; "the eye of jealousy is quick to see and shape its own undoing. Ay! Harry Sydenham—the noble, the high-hearted! the generous and the brave!—in whom I have garnered the hopes of long years. He—yes! he loves another—oh God! that I should live to tell it!"

Her face was deadly pale and her eye had a starting, strained expression of anguish, that alarmed her mother.

"This is really dreadful! be calm my child, your fears deceive you. I have not seen the half of this. Be assured Harry Sydenham will not lightly give his love to any one."

"Mother," said Clara, and her voice was firm though it sounded hollow, "she must not be his wife! Love for Harry Sydenham is twined with my heart stings—it is made up of the good and evil of my nature—the hope to win his love and the proud position to which that love would elevate me, has been the ruling passion of my life. I cannot yield it—I *will* not!"

Mrs. Malverton knew not what consolation to offer; she was a stranger to the emotions that shook the frame of her daughter, and she sat silent, as much annoyed as distressed at the agitation of Clara; her countenance brightened wonderfully when Clara calmly said:

"I came to you, mamma, for counsel and assistance; I have a plan in my head, which if it can be brought to bear, will destroy this ill-omened love 't' the bud; will you aid me all in your power?"

"Now my dear, you talk sense. I do so detest such extravagance of feeling. I really cannot understand it: I do not wonder in the least at your anxiety to secure Harry, he is decidedly the first match in the country—but do go to work like a reasonable girl, you will spoil all by such excess of feeling."

Clara smiled faintly as her mother ceased, but her countenance soon changed to an expression more accordant with the dark and troubled feelings that reigned in her bosom.

"You may have noticed in Harry Sydenham's character mamma, a great contempt for any thing like meanness, or want of independence of mind. This foible in him is almost a defect; frequently leading him to approve a degree of *spirit* in women, not generally admired, or much approved. I am persuaded, if he could be brought to think from any circumstances, that Isabel, rather than resign the splendor that surrounds her, would bear with insult and humiliation, he would lose all respect for her. She would sink into the character of "a toady," than which nothing can be more contemptible."

"How is this to be managed?" asked her mother. "Your father, Clara, would drive you a beggar from his doors if he knew you to treat with unkindness this child of his adoption, who is supplanting us all in his affections."

"He need never know it," was the reply; "is he not confined constantly to his sick room? before him we can be guarded. But mamma, it will not do for me to act in this matter. You must say things bitter to hear—hard, hard for the *dependant* spirit to bear: it will be my part to shield Isabel from your anger, and so judiciously will I play it, that Harry will believe me her friend. Isabel is proud, but her heart overflows with affection for my father; she has become indispensably necessary to his comfort and for his sake, she would bear much in silence. Yes, I do justice to her virtues; she would never betray the wife and daughter, lest upon the husband and father, the blow should fall so heavily as to destroy his peace. There is but one thing can mar our plan—a letter from India—should that stern old man relent, when he hears, of his sister's death, and continue to Isabel the income settled upon her mother: Sydenham will know at once, that whatever was the cause of forbearance in Isabel, it was *not* a mean subserviency for the sake of interest."

Clara was silent—woe for the child whose mother in an hour like that is found wanting! Mrs. Malverton disliked Isabel Everett perhaps as much for her attention to her uncle, as for any other cause—it contrasted so strongly with her own neglect and indifference. She could not understand the innocence and softness of her character, and she ran into an error the *very artful* are liable to do—she believed her a hypocrite. Very readily she entered into the spirit of Clara's plot, secretly resolving not to spare, when the opportunity offered of putting it into execution.

On the afternoon of that day, Clara left the house for a walk; she kept the high road that led to the town for some time, as she was about turning off in a direction leading to the river, she saw Edward Merton rapidly advancing and signing for her to stop.

"I am very glad I have overtaken you," he said as he joined her; "you were walking so fast I was afraid you would not observe me—by the way, I have brought your letters from the post office. Old Peabody asked me if I was coming this way, and would take charge of them there being one Mr. Malverton was expecting from India."

"From India!" said Clara, and the color faded away from her cheek and lip, giving to

her features the hue of the grave. A shrewd reader of the human countenance was Ned Merton, and he knew by the face he looked upon, there was sore anguish in the heart. "It is no welcome letter this," he thought, "yet why?"

"Shall I give it into your charge?" he said, "perhaps you would *prefer* it?" The color rushed back to the face of Clara—ay, even to the very temples. Merton had aimed a random shot, he saw it told, and, with an impertinence very common to men of his class, he ventured yet farther—"Can I be of any use to you in the *disposal* of this letter? perhaps I had better walk on with it, and not trouble you to be the bearer?"

It was with a bitter pang, Clara admitted to herself, that Merton had divined her anxiety to possess the letter; to secure it was her determination at any risk. She extended her hand "I will take charge of this same weighty epistle, on which so many words have been wasted; give it to me."

"So I will," said Merton, "but let me understand you right. Are you going to deliver it to your father? Believe me, I do not ask from curiosity; I might inadvertently do mischief in conversation with Mr. Malverton."

Clara could have crushed him beneath her foot; and it was only by a strong effort she could master her voice sufficiently to answer,

"Give me the letter, sir—this is insolent?—My father's state of health is too frail to admit of his hearing agitating news; and if such there be in that letter, he will not see it!" Merton was not to be deceived; he had known Clara for years, and he knew her conduct would have been haughtier far, if she felt herself free from all suspicion. It was a desperate game; but Ned Merton was a man of desperate fortune.

"Permit me to accompany you home," he said respectfully; "we will then give the letter to Miss Everett—of course, the contents nearly concern her; she will be the judge of the propriety of shewing it to Mr. Malverton."

Clara saw there was no alternative.

"Give me the letter—keep it a profound secret, and you make me your friend forever."

"Enough, we understand each other,"—and he surrendered it at once. He walked some distance with her, striving, by the respectful deference of his manner, and his insidious flattery, to reconcile her to him and to herself. Once master of her secrets, and he resolved in due time to make her his wife; or by exposing her character, bring shame upon her head, she would never endure. He little knew Clara Malverton, or the towering pride of her determined nature—she would have died, ere she would have given herself to poverty and Ned Merton.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

MODESTY.

MODESTY is the most beautiful and interesting of the flowers of virtue, that can adorn and dignify the female mind. It adds a charm to every other virtue, and sheds a sweet influence around

its possessor. There is no person whose heart is so alienated from purity, so sunk in vice, as not to respect and reverence modesty in a female. Even the base libertine, who revels and exults in his infamous triumphs over female purity and innocence—even he, who only assumes the garb of virtue that he may entice within his serpent folds his innocent and unsuspecting victims, who wantonly and deliberately bends every energy of his mind, of that mind which was given to him by his Creator for high and noble uses, to accomplish the ruin of the young, the virtuous and the lovely of the female sex, and after having by his unhallowed arts succeeded in his hellish plans, with a spirit worthy of the archfiend himself, triumphs and boasts of the ruin he has effected; yes, laughs and exults over the graves of his wretched victims, torn from the embraces of fond friends, from the society of which they were once ornaments, sent broken-hearted to an untimely grave, their hitherto spotless fame blackened with the foul stain of dishonor—even he, the author of all this misery, the foul-hearted wretch, who lives but to disgrace the name of man, will involuntarily shrink back humbled and abashed in the presence of a virtuous and modest female, whose every movement is characterized by modesty.

There is not in human nature a more repulsive and soul-sickening object, than a young female destitute of modesty; though she possess more than mortal beauty—though her mind be stored with the richest gems of literature, yet if she be not adorned with modesty, her attractions will fail to captivate, and she will be a revolting and disgusting object to every person possessed of a pure heart and refined mind. If such then be the power, such the attractions which modesty gives to the female sex, let every young lady prize and cultivate it, as a gem of the rarest beauty—let it be seen in all her actions and grace her every movement—let her beware how she permits the least approach to immodesty in those who wish to gain her affections—let her frown down every attempt at immodesty in those with whom she associates; for modesty is a flower of so delicate a nature, that once sullied its beauty is gone forever; and modesty once gone, virtue will soon follow; for they are inseparably connected in the female heart, and one cannot long exist without the other. There is something so unnatural, so abhorrent to every correct feeling, in a young female exhibiting a bold and forward demeanor in her words and actions, that every person of the opposite sex, possessed of the least refinement of mind or heart, involuntarily feels a sentiment of disgust arising in his bosom towards the female who is so lost if not to virtue at least to the appearance of it.

Let modesty then be the chief ornament of every female, as she would deserve and command the respect, esteem and love of the wise and good—let it be a shield to guard her from the least taint of impurity—for female purity is a garment of so delicate a texture that the breath of suspicion once resting upon it, however unjustly, leaves a stain in the eyes of the world which time may fail to remove. How all important, then, to every young female, who is about forming a character that shall influence her happiness

through life, that she possess that retiring and modest deportment, that will render her lovely in the eyes of all—that she cultivate that kindness of heart and amiability of manners that will endear her to the hearts of all who reverence female purity, and love goodness.

GERALD.

MISCELLANY.

POCAHONTAS.

THE private name of the celebrated princess was Matoaca; Pocahontas was her tutelar name, in the same way as Powhatan was the title of her father, and his individual name Wah-unsonacock. Pocahontas, after her capture and conversion to christianity, was christened Rebecca, and was commonly styled the lady Rebecca. She had a brother, Nautaquans or Nautaquond, who showed Captain Smith, "exceeding great courtesy," strenuously interceding with his father in behalf of the captive, and was the "manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw in a savage." Pocahontas had a sister named Cleopatre, and another named Matachanno, whose husband, Tomocomo, or Uttamaocomack, accompanied Rolfe to England. Being charged by Powhatan to inquire and ascertain how many people there were in England, on his arrival at Plymouth, he began to take the census by keeping tally on a stick, cutting a notch for every one he saw in the streets. On his return to Virginia, when Powhatan interrogated him as to the number of the English, he replied, "count the stars in the heavens, the leaves on the trees, and the sand on the sea-shore." Pocahontas with her wild train, visited Jamestown as freely as her father's habitation. She was chaperoned to court (by Lady De-la-warre, attended by Rolfe her husband, Lord De-la-warre, and other distinguished persons) in an English dress, and with her raven hair in curls, if we may rely upon the old portrait at Cobb's. The Lady De-la-warre, and other persons of quality, also waited on her to masquerades, balls, and other entertainments, with which she was wonderfully pleased. She was eagerly sought, and kindly entertained every where, many courtiers and others daily flocking to Captain Smith to be introduced to her. She died at Gravesend, England, on the eve of her return to Virginia, aged twenty-two, causing not more sorrow for her unexpected death than joy to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end. Her infant son, Thomas, was left for a time at Plymouth, under the care of Sir Lewis Steakley, and afterwards educated by his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. He left an only daughter, who married Colonel Robert Bolling, by whom she left an only son, Major John Bolling, father to Colonel John Bolling, and several daughters, who married Colonel Richard Randolph, Colonel John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, Mr. Thomas Eldridge, and Mr. James Murray.—*Smith's History of Virginia.*

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

ARE you preparing for the party, the ride or the dance, and would you scorn to appear parsimonious and despise to be thought poor among your young companions? Ay! then go with me to yonder retired street; here dwells one who

once shared largely of fortune's favors; the New Year's feast graced her board, and the New Year's guests filled her parlor. But ah, "how changed!" Her fortune is gone in the wreck of wealth and crush of speculation, which, like "the besom of destruction," has swept over our land. The cold grave has hid those in its silent bosom, who would have been her stay and support, and her friends (save the friends of the widow and fatherless,) have gone with the sunshine of her prosperity. Her poverty is gilded by neatness and order, and the voice of complaint, for she cannot beg, is hushed; but the canker worm wastes unseen, and her almost supernatural exertion, to shield her little ones from want and degradation, has spread a paleness over her features and is early wasting the "oil of life," and causing its bright lamp to grow dim. Tell her of an asylum, where the wants of her little ones may be supplied, and herself relieved from their care; but remove the nestling from its mother's bosom, and the heart would grow cold that is warmed by its presence; its smiles are the sunlight of her darkness; and she would tell you with an emphasis, that a mother cannot forget her child.

Here, then, is a sphere for your benevolence, that angels, if they dealt in gold, might envy you. Methinks I see a starting tear—suppress it not; it is a brighter gem than ever graced a monarch's brow. Methinks I see a hand upon that purse; let its contents go out, dictated by the effusions of a warm and generous heart; then go to your well-earned pleasures, for you have learned a lesson of moderation which will be of incalculable benefit to you through the journey of life and which will gild the gloom of the valley and shadow of death.

EDUCATION.

WE utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion, that there is to be education for the poor as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as cheerfully upon the poor man's cottage as upon the rich man's palace! Have not the cottager's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it in the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a base birth, so that the poor man's child knows with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not climb.

It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Man is immortal. It bears no mark of high or low—rich or poor. It needs no bound of time or place or rank or circumstances. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven-born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it.—Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor. And the poor tallow chandler's son, that sits up all night to read the books which an apprentice lends him, least the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies.—The common school is common, not an inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air is common. It

ought to be the best school; and in all good works the beginning is one half.—Who does not know the value to the community of a plentiful supply of the pure element of water?—And infinitely more than this is the common school, for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and it is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory.—*Bishop Doane.*

A PORTRAIT.

BY G. R. P. JAMES.

SHE was apparently not above nineteen or twenty years of age, and certainly beautiful, although her beauty was not altogether of that sparkling and brilliant kind which attracts attention at once. The features, it is true, were all good; the skin fair, soft, and delicate; the figure exquisitely formed, and full of grace; but there were none of those brilliant contrasts of coloring that are remarkable even at a distance. There was no flashing black eye, full of fire and light; the color on the cheek; though that cheek was not pale, was pure and delicate; the hair was of a light, glossy silken brown; and the soft liquid hazel eyes screened by their long lashes and fine cut eyelids, required to be seen near and to be marked well before all the beautiful depth and fervor of their expression could be fully perceived. There was one thing, however, seen at once, the great loveliness of the mouth and lips, every line of which, spoke sweetness and gentleness, but not without firmness; tenderness, in short gaining rather than losing from resolution. These lips were altogether peculiar to the race and family to which she was, not very remotely, related; and it was to their peculiar form and expression that was owing that ineffable smile which is said to have borne no slight part in the charm that rendered her nearest male relative at that moment all-powerful over the hearts of men, made him, Henry of Guise, more a king in France than the sovereign of the land—at least as far as the affections of the people went—and which had added the crowning grace to the beauty of the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

BEAU BRUMMEL.

It will be matter of news to many persons, to know that this once celebrated personage, the *arbitrator elegantiarum* of the days of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, and “the glass in which the youth (that is, the fashionable youth of England, in those times) did dress themselves,” is now in confinement in a place set apart for those who labor under mental derangement, in Caen, in Normandy. This admired of all admirers is existing on the almost extorted benevolence of relations, and the contributions of old friends. The whole amount of his income is scarcely one hundred pounds a year! Poor George! How different must his luxuries now be from what they once were! One hundred pounds a year for one who began his life with a good fortune, high expectations, great connexions and princely patronage. The ruling passion reigns triumphantly even within the walls of a mad house. Beau Brummel still imagines himself a fine gentleman, and assumes all the airs and importance of his by-gone popularity and good fortune. Among other feats, he

rings the bell of his solitary apartment continually. The old keeper, who with great humanity, humors his insanity, asks, “What commands?” “Order my carriage,” says the light of other days, “I must go directly to Carlton House to see the Prince.” Poor fellow! he little thinks his “fat friend” and “Carlton House” are now only things of history, and he himself is upon the verge of oblivion.

LOVELINESS.

It is not the smiles of a pretty face, nor the tint of the complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of thy person, nor yet the costly robes and decorations that compose thy artificial beauty, nor that enchanting glance, which thou dardest with such lustre on the man thou deignest worthy thy affection. It is thy pleasing deportment, thy chaste conversation, the sensibility and the purity of thy thoughts, thy affable and open disposition, sympathizing with those in adversity, comforting the afflicted, relieving the distressed, and above all, that humility of soul, that unfeigned and perfect regard of the precepts of Christianity. These virtues constitute thy loveliness. Adorned but with those of nature and simplicity, they shine like the refulgent sun, and display to man that the loveliness of thy person is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of the body, but in the reflection of the rectitude and serenity of a well-spent life, that soars above the transient varieties of this world. And when thy days are ended here upon earth, thy happy spirit shall be wafted to the regions of eternal bliss.

Old parson M—, of Worcester county used sometimes to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State—among other wonders he said he had seen monstrous *moschetoes*—so large that many of them would weigh a pound! The people were by this time wide awake.—“Yes,” continued parson M, “moreover they are, known to climb up the trees and bark!”

The next day one of the Deacons called upon him telling him that many of the brethren were much scandalized at the big stories he told the day before. “What stories?” says parson M. “Why, sir you said that the *moschetoes* in York state were so large that many of them would weigh a pound?” “Well,” rejoined the minister, “I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound.” “But,” continues the Deacon, “you also said they would climb up on the trees, and bark?” “Well sir,” says parson M., “as to their climbing up on the trees, I have seen them do that—haven’t you Deacon?” “O yes.”—“Well, how could they climb up on the tree and not climb on the bark?”

The Deacon was of course nonplussed.

The woes of human life are relative.—The sailor springs from his warm couch to climb the icy top-mast at midnight without a murmur; while the rich merchant complains of the rattling

cart which disturbs his evening’s repose. In the time of peace, we announce the breaking of a bone as a “melancholy event—but in war, when we read of the slaughter of our neighbors and thousands of the enemy, we clap our hands and shout “glorious victory.”

A BON MOT.—Some thieves met a man, and, after robbing him, bound him, and laid him under a hedge. They presently after met another, whom they robbed, and also bound and laid him on the other side of the hedge. The first exclaiming “Oh! I’m undone! I’m undone!” the other bawled out, and desired that, if it were so, he should come and undo him.”

LIFE.—When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

As Irish physician, quarrelling with a neighbor swore, in a great rage, that some time or other he would be the death of him. “No, no,” said the other, “you won’t; I shall never send for you again.”

A GENTLEMAN observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard—for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

L. B. Hitchcockville, Ct. \$1.00. M. W. Bantam Falls, Ct. \$1.00; J. O. S. Cardiff, N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. Utica, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. C. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. Thompson, Ct. \$1.00; S. L. P. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. M. Edingsham, N. H. \$1.00; C. V. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. H. East Stockholm, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. Bradford, Vt. \$5.00; J. M. K. Livingston, N. Y. \$2.00; L. S. New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. W. Calais, Me. \$1.00; E. A. K. Darien, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; G. H. I. Glen’s Falls, N. Y. \$2.00.

FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.—The following is an extract from the Regulations of the Post Office department:

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—“A Post Master may enclose money in a letter to the publishers of a newspaper to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself.”

NOTE.—Some subscribers may not be aware of the above regulation. It will be seen that by requesting the Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing subscription money, he will do so upon being satisfied that the letter contains nothing but what refers to the subscription.—*National Intelligencer.*

If the person who returned, some time since, to our office, a package of No. 7. of the Repository, wishing for some other number in exchange, will, through his Post Master, inform us what numbers are wanting, and give us his address, they shall be forwarded without delay.

Married,

At Canaan, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. William H. Timby to Miss Ruth M. Benton, all of that place.

At Patterson, Putnam Co. on the 14th ult. by Benjamin Haviland, Esq. James W. Haviland, of Athens, Greene Co. to Miss Esther L. daughter of John Haviland, Esq. of the former place.

At Chatham, on the 14th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John T. Baker to Miss Lucy Ann Strever, both of Stillwater, Saratoga Co.

Died,

In this city, on the 23d ult. Mrs. Perncha, wife of Mr. Henry Secley, aged 26 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A WISH.

How full of hope is life, its fair beams cast
Abroad their rays, and brighten all the past;
While for the future, hope as purely bright
Illumes the scene with gold-tinged rays of light.
There is a hope of happiness below,
Which round the heart of man like life doth flow,
And yet, I've found this calm and beautiful gleam,
As evanescent as a summer's dream.
My friend, I have a wish, 'tis that your life be passed
With hope still burning bright unto the last;
And listen still, my constant prayer shall be,
Your bark may not be wrecked upon life's stormy sea.
There are some hearts whose bark of hope is wrecked,
And still with brighter smiles the brow is decked,
And none would dare to think that evermore
With them, life's brightest, sunniest dreams are o'er.
But still 'tis true, and they're condemned to wear
A constant smile above a heart of care;
Then start not, that my prayer for you should be,
Your bark should not be wrecked, that hope might flee.
CASSIOPEA.
Spencertown, January 14, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

WE WISH THEE HERE.

We wish thee here, at morning's dawn,
While bells are softly ringing,
We wish thee here, when o'er the lawn,
The birds are sweetly singing.
We wish thee here, when the blooming rose
Sends fragrance on the evening air;
Where the murmuring streamlet flows
We miss thee—and at evening prayer.
We wish for thee, while round the hearth,
From merry hearts the song is sung,
And at that hour of careless mirth,
Our thoughts are ever 'bout thee hung.
We wish for thee, when e'er we know
Thy bark doth on the waters glide,—
We wish thee near, where e'er we go,
To ramble happy by our side.
We wish thee here—our thoughts are given
To thee in every changing hour—
We wish that we might meet in heaven,
Beyond the reach of sorrow's power.

EMMA.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MRS. R. HATHEWAY,
On the Death of her Child.

DEAR Madam, why to grief a prey?
Own you not God's sovereign power?
Yes; he rules with righteous sway,
Even in this trying hour.
Lent awhile for his good pleasure,
He has claimed from thee his own;
Give to him thy little treasure,
Give to him the gracious loan.
Think how radiant, pure and holy,
Now he shines in realms above;
Far removed from guilt and folly,
Drinking from the fount of love.

Now methinks I see thee doubting,
How that God, so good and mild,
Whose great name all heaven is shouting,
Could bereave thee of thy child.

'Tis not, my friend, for us to know
The purpose of his will,
But to each providence to bow,
And bid our sighs be still.
"Be still and know that I am God,"
Our Sovereign Maker said;
Thus let us meekly kiss the rod,
And may he be obeyed.

Sometimes to save a valued plant,
A twig or two is riven;
And this may be the great intent,
To fit thy soul for Heaven.
I've felt each pang that you now feel,
And every bitter smart;
But God I know has power to heal,
And love and peace impart.
May he the healing balm apply,
To thy afflicted heart,
And may you meet your child on high,
To never, never part!

A.

From the Daily Advertiser.

THE BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.

CLEAR shone the sky above them,
And bright the mocking sun;
When from her moorings loosened,
Swept forth the Lexington.
The noble port behind her,
The waters blue before;
And heart-breathed prayers went with her,
When parting from the shore.
A wealthy freight she carried—
The spoils of earth and sea;
But the human hearts there gathered,
Were worth far more than these.
The father going homeward,
The lover to his bride,
And the widow, bearing sadly
Her dead one at her side.
Oh! came no wail of sorrow,
No requiem on the breeze,
For loved ones who were going
To burial in the seas?
No; smiling was the billow,
And smiling was the sun;
No voice came kindly warning
The fated Lexington!
Night gathered on the waters,
O'er sail and floating bark;
The shores about the billows,
Looked gloomily and dark.
The stars above were watching,
Below no light was nigh,
Save what the sparks threw wildly
As the Lexington went by.
Some, sleep fell gently over,
And dreams came soft and still;
The throbbing heart grew quiet,
And forgot its human ill.
Light burst upon the waters,
Not the moon's shadowy ray;
Redder than breaking morning,
What flashes o'er the bay?
Awake, arise ye sleepers,
To struggle, and to strife;
With raging flame and billow,
To battle for your life.

"Fire!" bursts the dreadful watchword,
The streaming flames sweep on,
O'er deck and stately bulwark
Of the gallant Lexington.

"The boats, oh drop them swiftly,"
How rush the fearful in;
But the waters meet above them,
And a mighty triumph win.

Mother and child why linger!
Ye must choose between the twain;
And the waves close o'er the prey
They render not again.

Widow, weep now no more,
Parted ye shall not be;
And the dead and living sink
Together in the sea.

One by one leaped strong and weak,
From off the sinking bark;
But the icy waters bore them
To their rest 'neath billows dark.

Lower and lower, floated on
The deck, till all was gone;
And a hundred hearts went down the gulf,
With the burning Lexington. S.

From the New World.

TEN YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Ten years ago! Ten years? it seems
A very holiday of time
Since romance wove such blissful dreams
Around my merry girlhood's prime.
Ten years? How quick my pulses rush!
They leap to joy—they thrill to woe—
But hath my heart the mirthful gush,
The glad tone of years ago?
Ten years! Thou say'st at their viewless flight
Upon my cheek hath left no trace—
Mine eye still wears its curtain light
My step, its own elastic grace.
But hath my mien no more of care
Than when, adown the grassy slope,
With foot as free as morning air,
I bounded like the antelope?
Ten years have turned their daily page—
My locks still wear their flowery crown!
There twine no silver threads of age
Amid these braids of raven down!
Unchanged to thee! Unchanging eye!
Then what the lapse of time to us!
Our feet have traced life's pleasant way,
And found the well of Kanathus.
Oh, many a brow that beauty wears,
Too constant, seeming, e'er to part;
But ah! the darksome track of years
That hidden lieth in the heart!

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